NEW YORK, SUNDAY, MAY 24, 1891.

LIFE UNDER THE EQUATOR.

LETTERS FROM A LEISURELY TRAVELLER.

Contribut 1891 by S. S. McCture.

XIV.

A PEARL ISLAND : TRNRIITN Opolu. Samoan Islands, December, 1890.— In the flagoon of Fakarava there was little pearl shell and there were many sharks. I know not if the rabut, or closure, was applied : at least there was no fishing, and it seemed unfit to leave the archipelage of pearls and have no sight of that remantic industry. Og all other sides were isles, if only I could reach them, where divers were at work: but Captain Otis properly enough refused to approach them with the Casco, and my attempts to hire

accept no favor for herself (except once or twice a goody) that was not equally shared with all her comrades. Although she thus ordered me about and even shook and punched me, it was with no real presumption, only the pretty freedom of a girl that knows herself in favor, and when I had snything to forbid, a shade of intonation secured obe-

My minstrels were the best thing on Penrhyn. which, indeed, attracted us but little. The boys who came on board were rowdy fellows: they pillaged the swill tub; they pursued and robbed each other of the fruits of robbery; the deck was filled, and sometimes our concert almost overwhelmed, by their alarms and excursions. The grown folk were diffident and jeering; we thought they had a savage air: and their reputation fitted with their looks. As for the tale, it was an atoll; we had seen too many stolls; hackney cabs have more variety than they. The village had a reugh, unkempt appearance of prosperity; passibly we saw it to its disadvantage, for it extends from the lagoon to the senside, and a part of it was levelled recently by the sen. Perhaps, too, the ill-tended church and the unweeded green were marks of a more sad enlamity, for although then we knew it not. another vessel railed. The last was upon the place was plague struck.



Prançois's cutter, where she lay drawn up from her late ship wreck. She might be compared for safety to a New York catboat fortified with a bowsprit and a jib, and as I studied her lines and spars desire to sail in her upon the high seas departed from my mind. "Je le pensais bien," said François, which may be idiomatically rendered. "I told you so." Nearly two years had passed before I found

myself in the trading steamer Janet Nicoll heading for the entrance of Penrhyn or Tongarewa. In front the line of the atoll showed like a narrow sea wall of bare coral, where the surges broke: on either hand the treetops of a suishowed some way off-one, the site of the chief village, the other, then empty, but now inhabited and known by the ill-omened name of Molokal. We steamed through the pass and were instantly involved amid a multiplicity of coral lumps, or horse's heads, as they are called by sailors. Through these our way me-andered; we would have horse's head athwart the bows, one astern, one upon either board and the tortuous fair way was at times not more than twice the vessel's beam. The Janet was besides an iron ship; half the width of the Pacific severed us from the next yard of reparation: one rough contact, and our voyage might be ended, and ourselves consigned to half a year of Penrhyn. On the topgellant forecastle stood a native pilot, used to couning smaller ships and unprepared for the resources of a steamer; his cries rang now with agony, now with wrath. The best man was at he bridge wheel; and Capt. Henry, with one hand on the engine signal, one trembling to-wards the ateersman, juggled his long ship among these dangers, with the patient art of one fitting up a watch, with the swift decision of a General in the field. I stood by, thrilling at once with the excitement of a personal adenture and the admiration due to perfect skill

We were presently at anchor in a singular berth. boxed all about, our late entrance, our future exit, not to be discovered; in front the here I counted the next day upward of thirty horses' heads in easy view; behind, the groves of the isle and the crowded houses of the village. Many boats lay there at moor ings; in the verands folk were congregated. eazing at the ship; children were swimming from the shore to board us; and from the lagoon, before a gallant breeze, other boats came skimming homeward. The hoats were gay with white sails and bright paint; the men were clad in red and blue, they were garlanded with green leaves or gay with kerchiefs; and the busy, many-colored scene was framed in the venture of the palms and the opal of the shallow sea

It was a pretty plature, and its prettiest element the coming of the children. Every here and there we saw a cover of black heads upon the water. Boys and girls, they had stripped of their gayly colored kilts. Some held the kilt aloft is one hand as they swam; others had embarked it on a piece of wreck, such as then abounded on the island, and thrust in froat of them that little ship and its bright eargo. I studied with inexpressible entertainment the carnival of one company of girls. A boat lay alongs de, on board of which a young lady (aged about eight) laboriously clambered, her raiment in her hand, read; for instant application. It was a delicate task, adroitly achieved, and island decency was perfectly observed. The rest was casier. As each of her companions clambered up, the first adventures stool with a kilt extended, like a prudent nother, and the emergent naind was enrobed Soon they trooped up the side ladder. a healthy, comely company of kilted children, and had soon taken post upon the after batch. where they sat in a double row singing with selemn energy. Part of the hatch was open; boxes and bales and broken shell were all about them; boxes and bules awung on a tackle past their faces and above their heads; no man regarded them: but the conscientious artists paused not in their performance, and the sound of their young voices and their clapping hands now rose above, and was now drowned by the clatter of working cargo.

This inimitable seriousness at first attracted me, and I became their slave. A girl of 11 or 12 was my especial commandant. I could not say she was protty, but she was highly attractive, alive with energy and sense, sang her ongs as if life depended on them. and, with the note of a young scold, marshalled and corrected her companions. My fidelity was precious in their eyes; even by the artists of Pearbyn some shadow of a public is desired. My young mistress, if I sought to withdraw, carsely forbade and imperiously signed me to my place; and so soon as I had sat down the tress would launch on a new song, apparently begardless of my presence. Their repertory and their diligence amazed me; all one aftersoon and most of the next day the shrill but beasing concert was prolonged. To sing appeared not so much a pleasure as the acknowledged end of man's exist-They were glad enough, for a basing moment, to observe the curiosities of be ship; they were glad enough to accept and Now under their kilts my offerings of goodles. bacco, and ship's broad; but the curio refarded, the gift shared, down they sat again

with a fresh appetite to minstrelsy, the leader

touse I with a glauce her little band, the hands

dapped together, and the song was raised.

They were excellently well behaved. If I had

passed a girl over my mistress pounced on me

at once; just-minded little scold, she would

GIRLS SINGING ON OUR VESSEL. All that was here and that could be called wealth came from the sea. Pearl shell and wreck wood were everywhere. On one side of the trader's house they were weighing shell: on the other was a yard of stacked timber that had never grown upon that island: between, on the veranda, the figurehead of the lost ship stood sentinel; a very white and haughty lady. Roman nosed and dressed in the cos tume of the directory, contumeliously, with and the crowding natives. There was a plane in the sitting room, but the poor instrument had suffered in the shipwreck, and when the notes were struck, replied at random. Yet another wait from that disaster was a lad of my own land and city, and I thought it strange to

stand by the figurehead, in the tropic sun, be-

set by a throng of Penrhyn islanders, and be

talking of the Glasgow road, the Haymarket station, and the huge distillery. It is the worst of a pearl island, that when a ship arrives the diving ceases; unless the traveller be come to stay, the return of the boats and the piles of shell are all that he will see of pearling. But the boats themselves are eloquent. The flotilia of Penrhyn must have cost a pretty penny: the same may be said of Manihiki; and, indeed, it is hard to overestimate the wealth of the inhabitants. A good diver a: Penrhyn can make one, two, or even equivalent to oppleace at home. Yet, I am told, the houses of good divers are notoriously poor, and they and their families often meanly dressed. When the man touches his pay, he goes direct into the store, with a following of the incompetent and idle, come to sponge, This is his reward, for this he labors, to be the centre of some minutes' admiration and gratitude before the trader's counter: and he will sometimes return to his home and family empty-hand-d, all having gone in large-se. We may smile at his ideal, but this, too, is popularity; and what is the reward of Mr. | and if a man be disfigured, I believe it would Gladstone? Applause at a Scotch railway be held a sort of charity to console his solitude.

from acciamation in a Penrhyn Island store.

little mistress is grown up, she should be a woman of her hands. Poor little mistress! where is she now Where are my minstrels? There was a cloud upon their island. They sang that day under its shadow; it has burst since then.

LEPROST AT PENERTN.

Some ten years ago Mr. Ben Herd was trading in the stoll. Several whites had then recently been murdered; and the traders carried their lines in their band. Once in particular Mr. Herd believes there was a plan to slay him. He had gone down from one settlement to the other on affairs. A little girl came to him whon he was alone and pre-sed him to return: "You had better come with me," was her word. He asked her why; he told her of his business; he pressed her for a reason. To all she had but the one answer. "You had better come with me." He was growing impatient of her iteration; when of a sudden the fear of death fell cold upon his spirit, and he caught her by the hand, can for his boat, and fied with her alone on the lagoon. I have seen her, now grown a statwart woman, and never, from that day to this, has she explained her conduct.

In 1890, when I was at Penrhyn, Mr. Herd was supercarge on the Janet Nicoll; and knowing I had visited the lazaretto on Molokai, he called me in consultation. "It is strange," said he. "When I was here there was no such thing as legrosy upon the island; and now there seems a great deal. Look at that man, and tell me what you think." The man was leprous as Naaman

The story goes that a leper escaped from Molokal in an open boat, and landed, some say in Penrhyn, some say first in Manihiki. There are many authentic boat voyages difficult to credit; but this of thirty degrees due north and south, and from the one trade to the other across the equatorial doldrums ranks with the most extraordinary. We may suppose the westerly current to have been entirely intermitted, the easterly strong, and the fugitive well supplied with food. Or we may explain the tale to be a legend, framed to conceal the complaisance of some ill-judging skipper. One thing at least is sure: a Hawaiian leper, in an advanced stage of the disease, and admitting that he had escaped from Molokal appeared suddenly in these distant islands, and was seen by Mr. H. J. Moors of Apia walking at large in Penrhyn. Mr. Moors s not quite certain of the date, for he visited the atoll in '83 and again in '84; but another of my neighbors. Mr. Harper, was trading in Penrhyn all the first year. He saw nothing of the Hawaiian, and this pins us to the later date. I am tediously particular on this point, because the result is amazing. Seven years is supposed to be the period of leprous incuba-tion; and the whole of my tale, from the first introduction of the taint to the outbreak of a panic on the island, passes (at the outside) in a little more than six. At the time when we should have scarce looked for the appearance of the earliest case, the population was already steeped in leprosy.

The Polynesians assuredly derive from Asia: and Asia, since the dawn of history, has been a camping ground of this disease. Of two things, either the Polynesian left ere the disease began, and is now for the first time exposed to the contagion, or he has been so long sequestered that Asiatic leprosy has had the time to vary, and finds in him a virgin soil. The facts are not clear; we are told, on one hand, that some indigenous form of the disease was known in Samos within the memory of man; we are assured, on the other, that there is not a name for it in any island language. There is no doubt, at least, about the savage rapidity with which it spreads when introduced. And there is none that, when a leper is first seen, the islanders approach him without disaffection and are never backward to supply him with a wife. I find this singular: for few races are more sensitive to beauty. of which their own affords so high a standard; and I have observed that when the symptoms are described to him in words, the islander displays a high degree of horror and disgust. His stringent ideals of courtesy and hespitality and a certain debile kindliness of disposition must explain his conduct. As for the marriage, the stranger once received, it follows as a thing of course. To refuse the male is still considered in most parts of Polynesia a rather unlovely rigor in the female: station is not to be essentially distinguished | A kind island girl might thus go to a leper's bed in something of the same spirit as we visit



Here at least is a strange variety of Poly- the sick at home with tracts and pounds of esian character. The Penrhyn islander is industrious as a Paumotuan, and more prodigal than the Samoan. But even his prodigality is energetic; he gives, scattering wealth publicly and with a certain rapture; the Samoan only suffers himself to be drained by trafficking connections, escaping when he can. lamenting when he cannot. The tongue of Penrhyn is said to present affinities with old Paumotuan; and the rough and lawless manners of the race suggest a similar relation Till recently the isle was counted dangerous: blood had been shed often; and when natives quarrel with a trader they will boast of his pre decessors whom they slew. I could hear, within man's memory, of but one chief who had maintained authority, and he with stripes, binding offenders to a tree and lashing them with his own hand. With turbulent women he was very sharp; and perhaps one of these took a postmortem vengeance. For this was the -ame chief who rose again and was reburied prone. At the main village law is to-day respected: the laws were brought on board as soon as we anchored, exhibiting a goodly list of fines, some wise, some fantastically funny; and our cook, baving gone ashore late, found himself a pris oner at curfew and was not suffered to leave the house till morning. All the while, at the other side of the stoll, the people lived in mere misrule, and fighting, particularly combats of women, were frequent. The women of Penrhyn are still great belligerents. When my

The waif who landed on Penrhyn was much marred with the disease; his head deformed with growths; a thing for children to flee from screaming. Yet he was received with welcome. entertained in families, and a girl was found to be his wife. It is hard to be just to this Hawalian. Doubtless he was a man of a wild strain of blood, a lover of liberty and life; doubtless he had harbored in the high woods and the rains. a spectral liobin Hood, armed to defend his vretched freedom: perhaps he was captured fighting; and of one thing we may be sure. that be had escaped early from the lararetto. still untamed, still but with resentment. His boat voyage was a discipline well fitted to inspire grave thoughts: in him it may have only sharpened the desire of pleasure; for to certain shallow natures the imminence eyes he was an in occurt prisoner escaled. the victim of a nameres and sense-less tyranny. What dil he ask? To taste the common i t of men, to sit with the hou-e folk, o hear the evensong to share in the day's gossip, to have a wife I ke others, and to see children round his knees. He landed in Penrhyn. enjoyed for awhile simple pleasures, died, and bequeathed to his entertainers a lectacy of

They were early warned. Mr. Moore warned them in '84, an I they made light of his proditions, the long incubation o, the mainly de-

celving them. The leper lived among them: no harm was seen. He died, and still there was no barm. It would be interesting, it is probably impossible, to learn how soon the plague appeared. By the midst of 1890, at least, the Island was dotted with lepers, and the Janet Nicoli hal not long gone before the islanders awoke to an apprehension of their perfl. I have mentioned already traits which they share with their Paumotoan kindred; their conduct in this hour of awakening is another. There were certain families-twenty. I was told: we may imply a corrective and guess ten-entirely contaminated; the clean waited on these sick and bade them leave the settlement. Some six veirs before they had opened their doors to a stranger; now they must close them on their next of kin.

It chanced that among the tainted families

were some of chief importance, some that owned the solum of the village. It was their first impulse to resent the measure of expulsion. "The land is ours," they argued. " If any are to leave, let it be you," and they were thought to have answered well: "let them stay" was the reconsidered verdict; and the clean people began instead to prepare their own secession. The coming of the missionary ship decided otherwise: the lepers were persuaded; a mote of some size, hard by the south entrance, was now named Molokal, after its sad original; and thither, leaving their lands and the familiar village, self-doomed, salf-sacrifleed, the infected families went forth into perpetual exile.

The palms of their lost village are easily in view from Molokai. The sequestered may behold the smoke ri-e from their old home, they can see the company of boats skim forth with daylight to the place of diving. And they have yet nearer signts. A pier has been built in the lagoon; a bont comes at intervals, leaves food upon its seaward end, and goes again, the opers not entering on the pier till it be gone. Those on the beach, those in the boat, old friends and kinsfork thus behold each other for a moment sliently. The girl who bid Mr. Herd flee from the settlement opened her heart to him on his last visit. She would never again set eyes, she told him, on her loved ones, and when he reminded her that she might go with the boat and seathern from a distance on the beach. Never! she cried. If she went, if she saw them, her heart would pluck her from the boat; she must leap on the pier, she must run to the beach, she must speak again with the lost; and with the act the doors of the prison isle would close upon herself. So sternly is the question of leprosy now viewed, under a na-

tive rule, in Penrhyn. Long may it so continue! and I would I could infect with a like severity every isle of the Pacific. But self-indulgence and sentiment menace instead the mere existence o the island race; perhaps threaten our own freshed. Nothing is less proved than this peril to ourselves; yet is it possible. To our own syphilis we are inured, but the syphilis of eastern Asia slays us; and a new variety of leprosy, cultivated in the virgin soll of Polynesian races, might prove more fatal than we

So that ourselves, it may be, are no strangers to the case; it may be it was for us the men of Penrhyn resigned their acres, and when the defaced chimara sailed from Motokai, bringing sorrow and death to isles of singing, we. also, and our babes may have been the target of his invisible arrows. But it needs not this. The thought of that hobgoblin boatman alone upon the sea, of the perils he escaped, of the evil he lavished on the world. may well strike terror in the minds even of the distant and the unconcerned. In mine, at the memory of my termagant minstrel, hatred glows. ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

Zola's Story of Sedan.

As has already been reported, M. Emile Zola. to prepare himself for his "Débâcie." the name of his forthcoming work, travelled over the route followed by Napoleon's army to Sedan. On his return to Paris the other day he was called upon by a reporter of the Matin. to whom he gave this account of his journey: On leaving Paris I set out for Reims, which was really the point de départ of our troops. As you are aware, after the first defeats of Wissembourg and Fræschwiller, the first army corps under MacMahon received an order to fall back upon Chalons, which was done that place there were already the Twelfth and Fifth corps, the latter composed of the debris of the routed regiments. There also was the Seventh Corps. which had been at Belfort, and had not yet been in action. But the advance of the Prussians and the news of our first reverses had demoralized these men. who re ceived with pain but without complaining the order for a retrograde movement.

"On arriving at Reims, where just then it was raining in torrents. I hired a guide and followed the unfortunate line of march that was taken by our soldiers. I went over the same ground, stopping where they stopped, fixing the exact spots where each one of the phases of that poignant tragedy was unrolled.

The fields where our soldiers fell have
lost the aspect which they presented the
day after the disaster, but the ruins of a few houses still give evidence of the drama that was closed there more than twenty years ago. At Chene I the modest looking house in which Napoleon passed the night of the 29th of August Suffering from physical and moral tortures, living image of King Lear as he wasfor that war resembled in more than one phase a Shakespearean drama-he witnessed the downfall of the nation. Backed up against the Belgian frontier, knowing that all was lost, and not wishing to engage uselessly the remainder of his army in a hopeless effort, he thought of falling back upon Paris by turning to the north. But Paris was ready for revclution, and he could do nothing without the advice of the Council of the Recency. That very evening the officer who carried the despatches was arrested by the Prussians. Jor seven hours our soldiers romained at a standstill in those vast and dreary plains, under a drenching rain. In the morning despatches at last arrived. The Ministers and the Council of the Regency ordered an advance at all hazards. Merimic even said that the Empress desired the death of her husband, in the hope of saving the dynasty. The Prince Imperial was out to Belgium, and Napoleon, cast down and abandoning himself to his fate, ordered the march toward Sedan.

As you see, I have my chess board completed, and all that I have to do is to move my pieces. But up to the present I have neither fixed the action of my romance nor chosen my characters. After all that is my way always. When I write a remarce I never make a rough draught of it. I collect my desuments, and when I have them all in order my action composes itself. I thought at first of choosing my heroes from the seventh Cores when discouragement had come over the troops. As I don't want to put into this remarce of the word of the remarking of two soldiers or to some simple subject. The toformation which I received upon the condition of the inhabitants of Bedan at that time also suggested to me the idea of describing, while preserving the action of the reventh Corps, another purely local complication, which will be linked to the informer. It will stoubless be something like the agony of a family fiving in Sedan, while one of their members is in the aims.

"Hefore I to to work, however, I must get my final documents. I must see several temerals, and also some old soldiers who went through the camp ign of 18 lb, and I must get them to talk, and alterether I have to be able to the course of the ward made and in the torical a work of set from a geographical point of view, and inner had former his controlled in the view."

If you a really goes of work, see the roughly it is not really goes. characters. After all, that is my way always.

only view."

If on really goes a work so thoroughly often neighbrously as he says he will, he will reduce an interesting book. Certainly he now he who asked that the is past master a hat mashess or, as one of the Paris critics omarked, above we are came on circuose.

AS IN THEIR AIRY LIFE.

Birds at the Museum of Natural History Shows in the Hausts They Once Loved. There are times when the sameness of people and things strikes one as a distinctive and depressing feature of life, and the old darkey's observation upon his twin boys, "Casar and Pompey am bery much alike-'specially Pomp," seems to apply to the world in gen-eral. Then what a refreshment to come unexpectedly upon something altogether novel and interesting, something which shows what magic there is in a touch of genius, and lets us know that there is individual beauty in all things if only the right interpreter be at hand! Just such refreshment as this is waiting ready for tho e who go to see the collection of North American birds mounted and arranged by Mrs. Mogridge and Mr. Jenness Richardson the Museum of Natural History in this city. We all know the old horrors of stuffed birds. standing in hideous array in their glass cases, suff meaningless nummies, or roised in epi-



LAUGHING GULLS.

leptic attitudes on pea green branches on top of pookenses; and we all thought we knew that if there is anything almost as unpleasant as a stuffed bird, it is a wax flower; yet it is through combinations of such scorned properties that these two artists have produced effects so lovely and so marvellously real that to stand in front of their var.ous examples is to go to the country, is to see the birds in trees and fields, and on the sea shore, living in their own little nooks of homes undisturbed by any intruder. The blue sky is above them the fresh air and sunshine about them, so delicate is the art and so vivid the suggestion.

The actual methods and materials employed by Mrs. Mogridge and Mr. Richardson are simple and ordinary enough, but the sensitive intelligence with which they manipulate



BALTIMORE ORIOLES.

them is new. First. Mr. Bichardson pre pares the ground, using gutta percha and papier machs for foundations, and covering those lavishly with sand, gravel, stones rocks, moss, pine needles, or dried leaves, as may be fit. Next, Mrs. Mogridge plants her waxen shrubs, her grasses, and her wild flowers with fingers as deft as nature's own. These shrubs, grasses, and flowers are invariably modelled directly from life, and are made of wax, and also of a material of her own devising, a sort of wax cloth, which is enduring and of a delicate transparency, so that the petals of the flowers are translucent as in real blossoms. At the last she grains and tints them with water colors, and their pure perfection lacks only the sap of life. Finally, Mr. Richardson again-he is the taxidermist of the museum-poses the birds and places the nests in position, and the picture is complete. So much for the details of the art, and it may be difficult to divest a fastidious mind of old prejudices and make one believe what astonishing and pleasing results have been attained. The main part of the collection is placed for the present on the first floor of the museum, in the same hall with the Sargent-Jesup collection tion of North American woods. One of the first cases which meets one's eye on entering, and prepares him for the charming surprises to ollow, contains the laughing gull (Larus atri-



GREBE DUCKS.

cilla, Linn.). Here we have in a simple glass box in the form of an ordinary aquarium, which can be approached on all sides, of about 3 feet by 2% feet, by 3 feet in height (which is the size of the majority of the cases, though some are twice and even three times as large), specimens of the male and female guil, standing in literally life-like attitudes upon the margin of a tiny pool of water (very cleverly made of dull brownish glass, through which one sees dimit the underlying muddy bottom), bordered and oversha lowed by a thick frings of soft green marsh grass. It is simply a bit of absolutely perfect nature.

We have come upon such a little pool a hundred times in walks along a sedgy seashore, for it looks as if each blade had grown there of its own will and been beaten down by the coming and going of the tides and the blowing of salt sea winds. And there is the nest made of dry col grass, with the eggs. It is sping on the sedge, just out of reach of the tide. Theu come the American robins (Merula Migratoria, L./. They are perchet on a bough of apple tree in full bloom of May time, the nest with its protty blue eggs, built in among the twice, and the parent birds just lit near by. Under the tree is a moss-grown rock. The little group is arranged with such exquisite realism that it carries one to an orchard on a spring morning: one smalls the blossoms and feels the soft May air, and stands to watch the cheery robins as if they were old orehard drooping elm branch, most skil ully hung by | work for the British Museum-

an almost invisible wire from the top of the rame, and the hanging nest to deftly joined t the stem that it is impossible to tell where the bird's carpentering ends and human fingers supplemented it. The branch and the position of the nest are copied from an actual bough and nothing more lovely in grace and color could be conceived of, unless it is the pine finches. These quick little birds are balancing on a splendid bit of tine tree, heavy with cones, and a carpeting teneath them of brown pine needles. They have only paused for a mo-ment, and will fly again if you make an incau-

tious movement.

And now we come to some examples of Mrs. Mogridge's handiwork, which seem to us the eleverest and most charming of all: we mean her field gardening in the cases with the yellow and prairie warblers and the field sparrows. But handlwork is not suggested; the brambles and gra-ses the clovers and buttercups seem to be living and growing with all the luxurance of wild things. and in a tangle that is perfect grace. leaves under leaves, little half-hidden blossoms, and shoots of tiny plants, an undercarpeting of moss, and short, uneven turf, and the sweetness and wholesomeness of very nature expressed by the whole. It is just as if a bit of a field had been dug up and put down untouched in the frame. Any one who has ever spent an idle and delicious hour lying prone on an ancultivated hillside, and bent his head so that the whole world was to him as to an ant but two square feet of sod, has seen just the little scene of life that is so artfully reproduced here: and to look at it makes him homesick for the country and a summer day. In one half of the same case with the field sparrows live the oven birds (Sciurus Aurocapillus, L.) in the midst of a like pretty confusion of mendow growths, and the gray nest, shaped like an oval oven nestled in among the grasses.

Mrs. Mogridge and Mr. Richardson are equally successful with the water birds, and besides the laughing gulls, we see the chapper rails (Railus Longirostris Crepitans, Gin.) in their hiding on the marsh, with their nest so cunningly concealed that one has to steep and peer to discover it; and the sharp-tailed sparrows and sea-ide sparrows, too, and many others are all delightful to watch. One of the very large examples shows the pled billed grebe, with an elaborate employment of glass to represent a bit of a pend. The young grobes are swimming upon the surface, half of their little bodies and their little lexs visible under the glass just as they would be under water, water plants arranged with the same ingenuity, the leaves floating, and the long stems growing down into the pebbly and muddy bottom. Nothing could be more dexterously and perfectly managed; but though the glass looks as much like water as anything except water possibly could, it gives an artificial air, and we miss the charm of the woodland birds.

To understand the full value of this collection one should see the children's enjoyment in it: a party of pale little scholars from the public schools, their books in their satchels hurrying from case to case in perfect delight, wondering and exclaiming, trying to find the nests, and seeming a touching shadow of chil-dren revelling in real country joys. But it is much that they should receive such a sugges-tion of nature's bewitching crait. What has been done for the birds is to be done for some of the smaller animals also as well; and the water rate and : ed and flying squirrels have already been installed, and built their nests in haunts which would seem to be of their own choosing. or at least it must be a very pernickety water rat that is not content with the cool, dark water and all the lovely mud Mr. Richardson has given him, and with the overshadowing grasses, and the beautiful water lilles Mrs. Mogridge has floated under his very nose as ie swims about. And did any red squirrel ever find anything more enchanting tha . this locust tree covered with sweet while blossoms, or a more likely spot to establish his home and



RED SOUTHRELS.

bring up his young, with just the very poetry of sylvan environment he would have selected for them bimself?

Indeed, it is so well that a little breath of life should be put into the poor old dead things of the museums, that it is a satisfaction to learn that Mrs. Mogr dge is to instruct free classes next tail in her art, and that it will thus become more general. And we have not only to thank her for this new flora alone, but for the in-piration of the whole, for, having prepared a collection of English song birds for the British Museum some years ago, she it is who has directed the scheme and execution of this from first to last. The American collection, however, is on a more thorough scale than the English, thanks to the generosity of our American donor. Mrs. R. L. Stuart.

Mrs. Mogridge has turned aside from the birds for the present to model a series of waxen specimens of the foliage of American trees. and the respective gall insects and caterpillars which are their destroving enemies. They are executed with the same fidelity and grace, and are to be exhibited in conjunction with the Sargent-Jesup collection, to which they add the final touch of completeness. Whatever this lady undertakes is presented at its finish with a perfection of plan, of detail, of colorand of sentiment which leaves absolutely nothing to be desired.

A word as to Mrs. Mogridge's own history will show by what good right she comes by her peculiarly refined artistic sense and skill power. She is the daughter of Mr. Mintorn. an English miniature painter, and her mother. too, had alwa s occupied herself more or less with various sorts of art work, particularly the modelling of flowers in wax. When Mr. Mintorn's children were still very young, bi - health broke down completely, and the support of the family fell upon his wife, who now turned her taste and ability to good account by forming classes among her husband's patrons for instruction in wax flower making, and the li tie children would busy themselves in picking wild flowers-their home being it suburban London-and arranging them as models for their mother and her scholars. But after several y a s of hard and successful work Mrs. almorn died, and the chil-dren then took upon themselves the maintenance of the home, and continued the clases with the kindly encouragement of the members. The oldest boy was a lad of 15. and he was instructor-in-chief, while the sounger ones, little things o 7 and 9, aided him in overy way, not only floding and selecting the flowers, but serving as assistant teachers as well, and guiding with their own deft little fingers the clumsier efforts of the grand la! es who were their pupils. In this manner they supported themselves and their father friends. In another case are the Baltimore until old enough to take up other employment Orioles (Icterus Galbria, Linn.) poised on a or put their talents to more profitable use in BESET BY MOUNTAIN LIONS

NIGHTS OF TERROR FOR A PAMIL IN THE ARIZONA WILDS.

IN THE ARIZONA WILDS.

A Mon and Two Women Take Turns Eccing All Night the Fire on Which Thes Lives Depended—Welcome Scouts.

From Drakes Hagerine.

While in command of a small scouting part in Arizona I went into camp one bright day of the Rio Fueroc, very near the New Maxion line. The tagis had been pitched and the animals sent out to graze under a strong guar maid I was waking before my tent, impatient waiting a summons to dinner, which I knet by the strong edor waited from an adjacen collee pot would not be much longer delayed. We were about minety miles from the neares fort and hundreds from any settlement. There were no ranches whatsoever in this part, only some cattle and sheep belonging to Mexican which were herded through the Territory iness were in charge of the Moxicans, who live much the same kind of life as did their stocs. Their blanket was their only house, and when high coverake them. For miles around the land was as level as the bed of a billiard table Mountains were seen in the distance, while were innastried by Indians. But my little command and a lew rattlesnakes and tarantula were the only living hings near.

"Dinaer's ready. Lieutenant," was the well inclosed as stranger approaching me. He was a well-built, powerful-looking man, about 4 years of arc; his face was incellectual and extremely handsome; he wore a full beard an moustache, both of which were iron-gray. He was coarsely clad, as decarried no weapon The laster circumstance was the most tenaria able thing of all, for in those days in Arizoni one scarcely moved without his arms.

Nearing me, he asked, in a pleasant, quiet manner, if it were the commanding officer.

I replie i that I was.

I can to see if you could lend me a pisto or a carbine for a low days, he said,

You don't mean to tell me that you are entirely without arms." I said, not unreasonable as on the distance manner, if it were the commanding officer.

I have nothing of the kind," he answerd. "I have been ann-yed for the past three months by those internal California ll

scription did they have. When darkness came on they went to bed or on watch, as the case might be.

We told them all to ratire whenever they felt disposed, and they wanted not a second bld-ding. We saw that our rilles were in good order and that our amountion was handy then we permitted the fire to die out.

Not long did we wait; we had not been on guard mere than half an hour when Curles whispered to me. "Did you see that thing sneaking un here?"

I had already seen if, but it was only a coy. of a roll said: "It is not hing but a coyote. We must not shoot: It will 'righten the Hons."

I believe you are right, 'said Curley. But how about this Senator that is approaching? Sure monagh, here came a large lion, walking proudly along scarcely thirty yards from us. "Do not fire," and Curley. "Wait until we get mere of them."

A new minutes hater four large lions were is our immediate front. The man had certainly told the truth thus far, whatever his intention as to farming might be.

"You take the one on the left and I'll take ready." I roblied.
"Here"

The report of our rifes, and the accounts.

ready."

"Heady." I roolled.

"Heady." I roolled.

"The report of our rices and the screams of the startled sleeners were almost simultaneous; the three were sleeping soundly, and the shots naturally startled them. I three anothes ea tridge into my rice and flied at an e-caping in but I doubt if I injured him. We rebuilt the fire and discard two fine specimens of the bruces were its light would allow us to inspect them. I had shot one through the head of the other.

"I think we had botter leave them curside."

"I think we had better leave them curside."

"Abother they scented the blood or not. I am not persone I to saw. In hac, they certainly offered, and they are leaved on the constitution of the same of the s down the river to overtake the com